

425

STATE WEATHER-COCKS.

*Chang'd to a WEATHER-COCK of State,
To save a sinking St-----n's Fate.*

TIT for TAT.



L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by J. DORMER, at the Printing-Office, the
Green Door, in *Black and White* Court in the *Old Bailey*.

[Price One Shilling.]

MDCCLXXIV.

STAT E

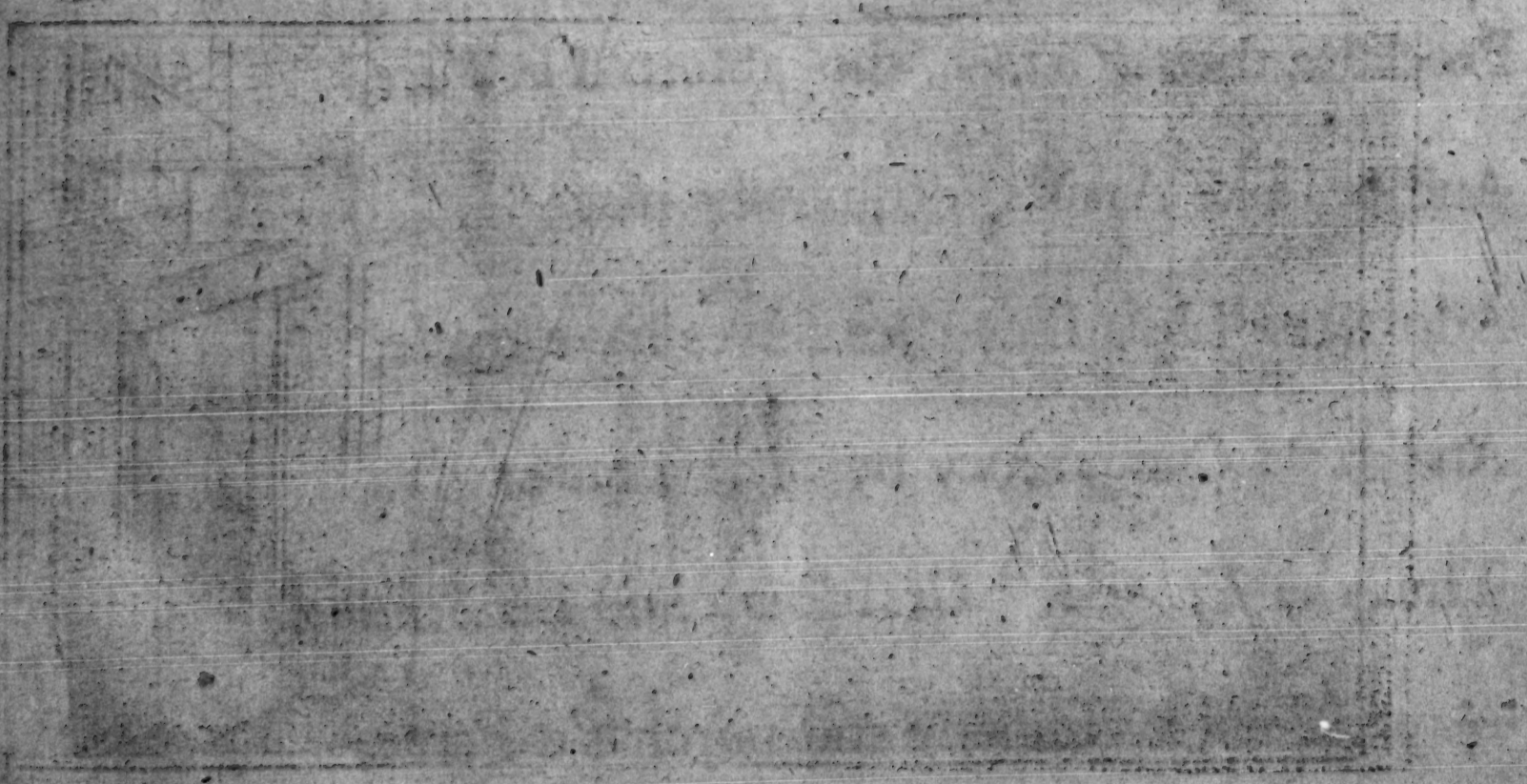
WEATHER-COCKS

Change of a Weather-Cock of State

To save a Public



TIT for TAT



L. O. W. D. O. V.

Printed and sold by J. D. ... at the Printing-Office, the
Court House, in ... and ... in the Old Bailey.

Price One Shilling.

London.

THE STATE WEATHER-COCKS.

LET *Great Men* loll ingloriously in *State*,
 And view the *Coxcombs* that around 'em wait;
 Let *Sycophants* their Adoration pay,
 In Hopes of *Recompence* another Day;
 Proclaim their *Virtues*, tho' abforb'd in *Vice*,
 And be, like Artists, exquisitely nice;
 Adore the Idols they themselves have made,
 And get a Competency by their Trade.
 Thus the *Epheſian* * Craftſman laid his *Scheme*,
 Acquir'd a Livelihood, and purchas'd Fame.

LET honest *Poverty* be ſtill my Fate,
 And *Ministers* direct the Affairs of *State*;

* *Demetrius*, a Silver-smith of *Ephesus*, who made Idols for the *Epheſians*, particularly the Image of *Diana*, which they worſhipped.

Such deep *Arcana's*, such mysterious Things,
Are fit for Politicians, and for Kings:

Satire's my Talent, to lash Vice my Aim,
Expose Men's Follies, but conceal each Name.

To thee, O *POPE*, who teach Mankind the
Way,

To thee I consecrate my ev'ry Lay:

Could I but reach thee in thy lofty Flight,

I wou'd not then despair to hit the Wight.

So high you soar, that how shall I pretend,

With callow Wings, to follow thee, my Friend:

Yet think me not presumptuous, if I dare

To trace thy Footsteps with the utmost Care.

In * great Things sure it is enough to try,

And, when I'm plum'd like thee, will mount as high.

FORGIVE these crude and indigested Rounds,
Unequal Numbers, and unequal Sounds;

* Alluding to his Words; *In Magnis voluisse Sat est.*

If thou to read my uncooth Lines can'st bear,
So rough and so untuneful to thy Ear,
I'll copy thee, and give to each his Share.

PASTORIUS leads the Van, whose polish'd

Tongue

With Affluence of Words by Custom's hung;

And yet the tempting Ore those Words controul,

For Gold *Pastorius* will exchange his Soul.

See, how to *La---th* he does turn his Face,

And views the Pa---ce with a fly Grimace;

'Tis true, indeed, *Pastorius* pants for Grace.

This *Right-hand Man* of *Sidrophel's* first Troop,

This *Party-Tool* to any Thing will stoop;

Say Black is White, and White does Black appear,

Nor will he scruple to bring up the Rear,

Provided he a Recompence can find,

To satisfy his avaritious Mind.

Byass'd by Lucre, and by Int'rest sway'd,

He makes Religion Nothing—but a Trade.

(105)
LONG for Preferment, with uncommon Zeal,
Benbada wrote; and not for Common-weal;

Calm and sedate his Controversies are,

No Malice, Gall or Rancour blended there:

But see what Fate attends the *peerless* Elf,

Too oft we find he contradicts himself.

Whate'er the R--r of St. P--r's P--r

By Dint of Argument maintain'd before,

The B—, to reform the sinful Age,

Mounted with Intrepidity the Stage,

Benbada did with *Benbada* engage.

In publick, but yet mildly, he disputes,

And all his former Arguments refutes:

If he * no Kingdom in this World can have,

Close to the Steeple's Pinnacle he'll cleave,

If he can get Sir *Sidrophel's* good Leave.

Sure of Religion he must have some Notion,

Who always is at *Sidrophel's* Devotion,

And punctually obeys his every Motion.

* Alluding to this Text of Scripture, *My Kingdom is not of this World.*

IN Controversy dull, with Pride elate,
 Fury *Hareus* shews in each Debate;
 The foulest Language runs thro' every Page,
 An Indication of his Spleen and Rage:
 'Benhada's great Antagonist is he,
 But still an inoffensive Enemy.

In *Greek* a Critic he would fain be thought,
 But by an *Eton*-Schollar may be taught;
 See, how submissive does *Hareus* stand,
 Cringing to *Sidrophel* with Hat in Hand!
Coxcomb for shame your Vanity destroy,
 In fruitless Hopes your Time no more employ,
 But be content with what you now enjoy.

THESE are the Men who late to *L—th* row'd,
 Each hop'd the Pa--ce wou'd be his Abode;
 To reach the Landing-place they labour'd hard,
 Well wou'd the golden *Prize* their Pains reward.
 Their Expectation cross'd too soon they found,
 They mis'd the Channel, and then run a Ground.

Now

Now shift the Scene, survey the doughty Wight,
 Old *Gruff*, surcharg'd with Envy, Rancour, Spite:
 Him for a *Plough-Tail* Nature had design'd,
 And he to *dirty Work* is still inclin'd;
 Cut out for That, his *unclean Hands* he shews,
 Those *Hands* nor *Bribes*, nor *Presents* will refuse.
 Grant, Heaven, that such rapacious, greedy Elves,
 May always find a *Hell* within themselves:
 May they, to satisfy their Thirst of Gold,
 Share the like Fate that * *Midas* did of old.

Gruff, tho' to arbitrary Power a Friend,
 To Justice, Law and Mercy does pretend;
 Yet no Man is so rigid, so severe,
 Old *Gruff* will neither Life or Fortune spare:
 Hapless the Man, who does before him come,
 Sentence, or Right or Wrong will be his Doom.

TALLBOT, a ranting, military Blade,
 Not Fighting makes, but Flattery, his Trade;

* King *Midas* had an Immensity of Wealth, and yet so covetous, that he implored the Gods that every Thing he touched might be turned into Gold: The Gods granted his Petition, and he was starved to Death.

(9)
Yet *Tallboy* kill'd a poor, defenceless Man,

And with the Wings of Time from Justice ran.

As half-bred Cocks, when by their Sides do stand

Their cackling Mates, first Crow, and then Expand

Their golden Wings; so this tame Warrior storm'd

And for his *Lais*, this Exploit perform'd :

Lais the Wonder of the present Age,

A W—— more lustful, than e'er trod the Stage.

On * *Lais*, such it seems, was *Tallboy's* Lot,

One still surviving B——d he begot.

Yet he's Legitimate as his Sire,

May he as virtuous be, as full of Fire.

CRASSUS, boy'd up with Arrogance and

Pride,

To *Sidrophel* by Marriage is allied ;

* *Lais*, was a grand Strumpet, but coveted and enjoy'd by most of the Youth

As *Sidrophel* directs, his Course he steers,

By stated Rules of Politicks he swears,

Nor is he singular, he has his *Peers*.

The wealthy Nymph is made a virtuous Wife,

But *Craffus* leads a miserable Life;

Riots in Luxury, and what is more

He fashionably keeps a luscious W---;

Weekly three Guineas for her Lodging pays,

His Wife forsakes, to *Charing-Cross* he strays;

Such are the C---rs Methods now a-days.

Judgment in Horses *Craffus* ought to have,

But lest that Burthen might his Mind enslave,

By Proxy he commits it to be done,

Yet still the Perquisites are all his own.

He without Merit, Honour's Ensigns wears,

This Child of *Dulness*, who her Blessings shares.

DAPPER, a Youth smooth-chin'd, and baby-

fac'd,

With Honours and with Titles has been grac'd ;

He Libels, Epigrams and Songs does write,

And in his planetary Hour, can fight :

But *Dapper*, Sir, pray take it on my Word,

Has not a great Affection for a Sword ;

Save, when the Weapon by his Side he keeps,

And in its Scabbord peaceably it sleeps.

Heated with Wine, a Challenge *once* he sent,

But of his Rashness did next Morn repent ;

Yet to the Field he went, with trembling Heart,

He figh'd, turn'd pale, and faintly play'd his Part.

Vainly he boasts, a Victory obtain'd,

This boasted Victory is only feign'd :

'Tis a *Chimera*, a mere empty Dream,

But, true or false, to him it is the same.

Not

Not so brave *Cambrian*, whose undaunted

Soul,

War's loudest Thunder never can controul,

With Intrepidity he meets his Foe,

Attacks, and quickly works his Overthrow.

Let others spread abroad his deathless Fame,

He ne'er does boast his Gallantry, or Name;

He fights with Honour for his Country's Good,

Dapper dishonourable thirsts for Blood.

Roam thro' the spacious Globe, you ne'er will

find

An *Urchin*, so maliciously inclin'd.

BESSUS, of Class Learning has some Sense,

And, like a *Sophister*, concludes from thence,

That he to Politicks, may lay Pretence.

Then

Then be it so ; thou canst at best but dabble ;

Thou puny Polititian for the Rabble.

Bessus was once a Captain—of the Mob,

And took Delight in every dirty Job ;

He and his *Mirmadons*, kept no Decorum,

But knock'd down every Man, that stood before 'em.

He squander'd an Estate, at last a Wife,

Soon found a Way to change his roving Life.

Unhappy *Phillis*, with thy golden Locks !

He got your Money, and you got his----

WHACCU M, in S---te, talks with four Gri-

mace,

Hectors, and there displays his tawny Face ;

He labours hard, 'tis true, to gain his Point,

But all his Words, alas ! are out of Joint :

His Want of Argument, and Want of Sense,

He carefully supplies with Impudence.

Whaccum's at best, a poor Wife-ridden Fool,

An Insignificant, a paultry Tool.

As *Atlas* * bends beneath his heavy Weight,

Whaccum, that aukerd Piece of Self-conceit,

Vainly imagines he supports the State.

Between 'em some Analogy appears,

Both downward look, but in their diff'rent Spheres.

Take Courage, *Whaccum*, end domestick Strife,

No longer shew Subjection to your *Wife*;

To please a Woman's something, that is civil,

But to be govern'd by her ----- 'tis the Devil.

NEXT, view the haughty *quondam Pro* and *Con*,

With cobbled Shoes, superbly hobbles on;

In Gesture aukerd, *Peacock* in his Mein,

Sure such a *Raree-Show* was never seen!

* *Atlas* was supposed by the *Roman* Poets to be the strongest of all the Giants, and that he carried the World upon his Shoulders; he is represented bending under a Globe in many Maps.

ant abroad, at Home a passive Slave,
 e he the *Coward* plays, and there the *Brave*.

from the Fountain runs one constant Stream,
 from his Mouth, whatever is the Theme,
 Flow of circling Words, is still the same.

Variation in those Words is found,
 they, as in a Whirle-pool, glide their Round,
 in the Center all the *Rheth'rick's* lost,
 which so much Pains, and Midnight Study, cost.

yet this talkative, Half-spleen, Half-pride,
 with little Judgment, Causes does decide,
 is at the Mark, but always shoots too wide.

to have I seen a Coxcomb, pert and vain,
 with a glib Tongue, a long Dispute maintain;
 in the End, he, at his own Expence,
 expos'd himself by glitt'ring Ignorance.

SUCH,

SUCH *Codrus*, is thy Fate, tho' learn'd in Law,

From whence this Inf'rence we may justly draw,

That Men may read, tho' not digest, good Sense,

Be pert, talk loud, and yet want Eloquence.

BUT the worst Thing does still remain behind,

Disturbs thy Thoughts, and agitates thy Mind;

The Thirst of *Lucre* has thy Soul possess'd,

And *Avarice* now rages in thy Breast:

Couchant this innate Vice is in your Phiz,

And this made *Sydrophel* secure you *His*.

F I N I S.



